THE

NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

W. M. DANIELS, O. F. L. DRUMMOND, N. J.

E. M. HOPKINS, N. Y.

T. M. PARROTT, O.

MANAGING EDITORS:

KEMPER FULLERTON, D. C.

B. V. D. HEDGES, N. J.

TREASURER:

W. H. FORSYTH, N. J. LOCK BOX 17.

VOL. XLIII.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 6.

Amiel's Journal.

[The Journal Intruie of Henri-Frederic Amiel; translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. London: MacMillan & Co., 1887.]

WHILE the reading public of Europe and America have been gazing with wonder at the brilliant luminaries which have recently appeared upon the Russian horizon, a small but enthusiastic body of readers claim to have discovered, in another quarter of the literary heavens, a star which is equal to these in beauty, if not in magnitude. If Tolstoï and Turgeneff have drawn on a magnificent scale, and painted in strong and brilliant colors a striking picture of the Russian life of the day, then has Henri-Frederic Amiel, the quiet thinker of Switzerland, bequeathed to the world, in the record of his inner life, a miniature of rare and chastened beauty.

At the time of his death, in 1881, Amiel was known to the French literary public, if at all, as the author of several magazine articles and a volume or two of unsuccessful poetry. It was a cause of surprise and regret to those who knew him well that a man of the keen, critical insight and rare power of expression which he possessed, should be so barren in point of literary production. The secret was explained when his literary executors found that he had left some seventeen thousand folio pages of journal, in which were noted the occupations of his daily life, and whatever thoughts had been suggested to him by observation, reading or introspection. It was Amiel's request that such passages in the Journal as were deemed of special interest or value should be given to the public, and accordingly, a volume of selections, concerning the earlier portion of his life, was published in 1882, and a second volume, made up from the later pages of the Journal, in 1884.

Volume I, though published quietly at Geneva, contained an introduction from the pen of M. Edward Scherer, the distinguished French critic, who had been one of Amiel's most intimate friends. Thus recommended the book was sure of gaining the ear of the French reading public, and it was not long before it was recognized by the leading critics as a record of a unique mental and spiritual experience. M. Scherer himself pronounced it in his introduction to be "a book which will not die. For the secret of Amiel's melody is sublime, and the expression of it wonderful." M. Renan, in an extended review upon the completed Journal, spoke of it as affording a "perfect mirror of a modern mind of the best type;" and added that "these two volumes may certainly be reckoned among the most interesting philosophical writings which have appeared of late years." Even a writer so little in sympathy with Amiel's modes of thought as the author of Une Cruelle Enigme (M. Paul Bourget), has declared that the Journal is already famous and will remain so; "in the first place, because of its inexorable realism and sincerity; in the second, because it is the most perfect example available of a certain variety of the modern mind."

It is less than a year since the Journal was introduced to

the English and American public in the spirited translation of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and enough has already been said in its praise to show that its interest is by no means confined to French readers. President John Bascom, for example, in a recent number of the Forum, gives the Journal a high place among the "books which have helped" him; and the late Mr. Mark Pattison, in a letter to M. Scherer, thanking him "for giving the light to this precious record of a unique experience," testifies with emotion that "there is in existence at least one other soul which has lived through the same struggle, mental and moral, as Amiel."

For a detailed narrative of Amiel's life the reader must be referred to the sympathetic account given by Mrs. Ward in her Introduction. We need only mention that he was born in Geneva in 1821; that he studied for some years in Germany, and that, from 1849 to his death, in 1881, he occupied the chairs, first of Æsthetics and afterward of Moral

Philosophy, in the Academy of Geneva.

To know the real Amiel we need only turn to the pages of his Journal, for we shall find at once that we have been admitted not only within the outer courts of the intellect. but into the inmost chambers of the heart. scarcely read a page at random without feeling that we have to do with a remarkable man, a man of striking originality of thought, who has also a rare gift of expression, and we cannot but await with genuine pleasure the further unfolding of the rich treasures of his mind. As we read now a description of scenery, now a bit of literary criticism, now a wise maxim which has been learned in the school of experience, and now some profound philosophical reflection, we are affected more and more by the charm of the author's richly endowed personality and the fascination of his style. He has at his command all the resources of a trained literary artist, and has, beside, the gift of being able to photograph in sharp outline and with truth of expression the ideas passing at the moment. He is never at a loss for the

right word, and he knows, moreover, how to express with French vivacity the deeper feeling of the Germans.

Amiel's most distinctive trait as a writer is, we should say, his almost passionate sense for beauty. His pages, one French critic declares, are filled "with a strange and marvelous poetry." According to another, there are passages in them "d'une intense suggestion de beauté." He is an enthusiastle lover of nature, and can describe with singular felicity her more poetic moods. He has also that sympathetic faculty which sees in the commonest events of life a deep significance and a sublime poetry. What writer has described with more tender or caressing touch the healing balm of sleep than Amiel in the following passage, written after leaving the bedside of two sleeping children:

"It was brought home to me that I was looking on at a marvelous operation of nature, and I watched it in no profane spirit. I sat listening, a moved and hushed spectator of this poetry of the cradle, this ancient and ever new benediction of the family, this symbol of creation sleeping under the wing of God, of our consciousness withdrawing into the shade that it may rest from the burden of thought, and of the tomb, that divine bed, where the soul in its turn rests from life. To sleep is to strain and purify our emotions, to deposit the mud of life, to calm the fever of the soul, to return into the bosom of maternal nature, thence to re-issue, healed and strong. Sleep is a sort of innocence and purification. Blessed be he who gave it to the poor sons of men as the sure and faithful companion of life, our daily healer and consoler."

Though interpreting thus beautifully the more poetic side of life, Amiel's insight is by no means confined to the region of the emotions. He can appreciate as well the significance of the historical events which are passing around him, and his remarks on the political and social events of the day are those of an acute and interested observer. Still more notable are his literary criticisms.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a recent article (Littell's Living Age, Oct. 1st, 1887), even goes so far as to say that Amiel would have found his true vocation in this department of literature, and makes extended quotations in support of this opinion. We must give the passage which Mr. Arnold places first, written on the death of Sainte-Beuve in 1869:

"The fact is (says Amiel), Sainte-Beuve leaves a greater void behind him than either Béranger or Lamartine; their greatness was already distant, historical; he was still helping us to think. The true critic supplies all the world with a basis. He represents the public judgment, that is to say, the public reason, the touchstone, the scales, the crucible, which tests the value of each man and the merit of each work. Infallibility of judgment is, perhaps, rarer than anything else, so fine a balance of qualities does it demand—qualities both natural and acquired—qualities of both mind and heart. What years of labor, what study and comparison, are needed to bring the critical judgment to maturity. Like Plato's rage, it is only at fifty that the critic is risen to the true height of his literary priesthood, or, to put it less pompously, of his social function. Not till then has he compassed all modes of being, and made every shade of appreciation his own. And Sainte-Beuve joined to this infinitely refined culture a prodigious memory and an incredible multitude of facts and anecdotes stored up for the service of his thought."

Mr. Arnold is certainly right in his high estimate of Amiel's ability as a critic, but we must be allowed to differ with him when he says that its criticisms are the most valuable feature of the Journal. For us its religious and philosophical portions have an even higher interest. How beautiful, for example, and how satisfying is this answer to the great question, What is the object of life?

"Life should be a giving birth to the soul, the development of a higher mode of reality. The animal must be humanized; flesh must be made spirit; physiological activity must be transmuted into intellect, and conscience into reason, justice and generosity, as the torch is transmuted into the life and warmth. The blind, greedy, selfish nature of man must put on beauty and nobleness. This heavenly alchemy is what justifies our presence on the earth; it is our mission and our glory."

There is little doubt that, as Mr. Arnold suggests, Amiel would, under different circumstances, have made a brilliant

success as a critic; but for our part we cannot be too thankful that he has left us the varied treasures of the Journal, instead of a contribution, however valuable, to the body of French criticism.

The calm and deep enthusiasm which pervades Amiel's pages reminds us strongly of the Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne, whose point of view of life was very similar. Though separated by two centuries of time, there was between these quiet thinkers that true affinity of nature which, Amiel himself tells us, must be "founded on worship of the same ideal." To both, holiness was the supreme end, as sin was the capital fact of existence. They had in common that elevation of style which comes only from a large openness and receptivity of mind. Each has given us wise rules for the conduct of life which he himself had learned in the stern discipline of experience. "Punish not thyself with pleasure," said Sir Thomas. "It is work which gives pleasure to life," said Amiel. The guiding star of both was devotion to duty.

Aside from Amiel's wider culture and more modern tone, the difference between the two is most marked in their methods of dealing with the problem of religious doubt with which each had to contend. The confident refuter of Vulgar Errors, after the manner of his time, crushed every doubt as it arose, under the heel of a triumphant faith; while the Nineteenth Century thinker, with more sensitive regard to the claims of truth, must needs test his faith at the bar of reason. "Impersonal truth" was with him "the good cause," and where reason and faith came into conflict, conscience had to range itself on the side of reason. It was thus that, when the conclusions to which his studies in science and philosophy led him seemed incompatible with the specific doctrines of Christianity, the creed of his childhood had to be abandoned. The "battle of Lepanto," as Sir Thomas Browne calls his own conflict with doubt, was thus, in Amiel's case, far more tragic and long sustained, and, in fact, ended only with the close of his life.

In the midst of his spiritual conflicts, however, Amiel found a sure and sufficient guide in "that small inextinguishable flame of which the light is duty and the warmth is love." This alone, he tells us, "can guide our trembling ark across the tumult of great waters; it alone can enable us to escape the temptations of the sea, the storms and the monsters which are the offspring of night and the deluge."

The statement which best embodies Amiel's ultimate religious belief seems to be the following, which was written in September, 1873: "My creed has melted away, but I believe in good, in the moral order and in salvation; religion for me is to live and die in God, in complete abandonment to the holy will which is at the root of nature and destiny. I believe even in the Gospel, the Good News, that is to say, in the reconciliation of the sinner with God, by faith in the love of a pardoning Father."

Amiel's own struggles with doubt seem to have given him a wonderfully sharpened apprehension of the spiritual needs of the time. "Our century," he says, "wants a new theology, that is to say, a more profound explanation of the nature of Christ and of the light which it flashes upon heaven and upon humanity."

Christian doctrines, he maintains, have been coarsened and materialized. What is needed is a more spiritual interpretation of them before they can have their legitimate effect as a molding and renovating influence in human life. "The transference of Christianity from the region of history to the region of psychology is," he declares, "the great craving of our time. What we are trying to arrive at is the eternal Gospel." Amiel has shown what new force and meaning familiar spiritual truths may acquire by being restated in the terms of modern culture.

So much stress has been laid by Mr. Arnold upon Amiel's intellectual "malady" that a word must be devoted to it in conclusion. It was no more nor less than an undue development of the reflective faculty. Amiel loved "to enter

the divine sanctuary of contemplation," and, freed from the limitations of time and space, to meditate upon the infinite and the universal life. This "Brahminising" tendency was a serious obstacle to his literary productiveness, but, however much its indulgence may have disappointed the hopes of his friends and his own ambition, few readers of the Journal can wish that it had been restrained.

If Amiel had applied himself to the serious and sustained labor of writing for publication, we might have lost more than we should have gained, for however rich and abundant his gleanings in the beaten paths of literature may have been, we do not see how they could well have compensated for the loss of this precious history of an inner life, of this itinerary of a solitary traveler in pursuit of the ideal. We cannot but believe that in revealing to the world the secrets of his own pure and noble character he was doing the best possible service, for "at the sight of a man we too say to ourselves, Let us also be men."

In a Spanish Garden.

THE old Cathedral clock has struck the solemn midnight hour; Here, with my dove-toned lute in hand, I wander 'neath your bower; And the music that arises from its silver-tongued strings Is but the echo of the love that in my bosom sings.

The incense smoke 'neath yonder dome curls upward pure and free, A symbol of the heartfelt prayers that rise in harmony. So may the music from my lute, in clear ecstatic tone, Reveal an altar-fire of love that burns for you alone.

A Psychological Phenomenon.

NEVER before in all his life had Mr. Charles Hamilton Littlefield been in such awe of any human being, and if he had been in his right mind he would have been much amused at himself. Not that he was out of his right mind, or in any way devoid of common sense. Not at all. On the contrary, Charley's friends were pleased to think highly of his ability; and his late promotion to the position of second assistant to the Secretary of the "Rocky Mountain Investment Company," showed that his talent lay as much in the business as in the social line.

And what made it more absurd was that the individual whose very name was a terror to him was a wild-eyed, rheumatic, double-gown-and-slippered elderly gentleman, who referred to a certain young lady as his "dear ward and niece." Ah, now you have the secret of Littlefield's strange mental condition; for if love is blind it is certainly often deaf, and in this case it was dumb.

Finally things came to such a pass that one morning, on his way down town with his most intimate friend, Fred Johnson, he confided to him the existence of the secret flame which was consuming his soul, and asked for advice. "Why, propose," was the reply; and before he finished, Johnson had persuaded him that this was just the simplest, easiest and most satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

Nevertheless, as the day wore on, Charley grew worried again with visions of the old gentleman and thoughts of his own unworthiness of the niece, until by evening, he was in a perfect fever of excitement. When the office closed he grabbed his hat quickly to evade the Vice-President's clerk, for he felt that he must go up town alone this evening. The cool air was very refreshing, and his fevered nerves were soothed as he looked up to the sky where the darkening east was stretching its sombre mantle out toward the west.

"Say, young feller, wojjer doin'?" was the growl of a street loafer whom he had run into, which drew him back to terrestrial things again; and quickly hurrying up the steps of the elevated station, he found himself seated in a corner just before the train was on again.

Next him sat a man of forty years or so, whose intense look of interest and enthusiasm, whose earnest manner, and the very build and frayed edge of whose collar showed him to be other than a man who works in Wall street. Perhaps he was an inventor. He was talking with a friend next him. Littlefield could not help hearing parts of the con-

versation, and among other strange phrases,-

"Why, of course; every child has conceived the possibility of all existing matter being condensed to one cubic inch, possessing all its present attributes. Then "—Charley heard no more. What a horrible idea! His brain had been in such an anxious state all day that it now went off on this new bent. Was this man the inventor of some contracting material, some negative dynamite, which, instead of separating, should condense all molecules until the earth should be a cubic inch? The fact that he even conceived such an extravagant idea shows what an unnatural condition Mr. Littlefield must have reached. Whether or not matter and its qualities are dependent upon mind, as some philosophers hold, certain it was that the car seemed to be growing smaller. Littlefield decided to get out at the next station.

"Twenty-third street!"

Why, he could hardly squeeze through the door! He ran down the steps into the street, after bumping his head on several cross-beams. He stood still and watched all his surroundings grow smaller. How many times when near a railroad track had he watched the outline of the last car of a passing express train grow smaller as it went down to the vanishing point upon the horizon. Thus it was now. All things except himself were growing smaller. He could see into second-story windows, and it was not long before

he found himself sitting on the elevated railroad with his feet on the sidewalk.

This condensation, though it had begun slowly, went faster inversely as the square of the—something, Charley thought; for it had now become necessary for him to stand with one foot in one street and the other a block away in the next. Faster and faster all matter, except that contained in the physical constitution of Mr. C. H. Littlefield, was condensing. He had long ago seen dim sparks coming in from the sea, the lights of some pigmy Cunarder, and now it occurred to him that he had better step over into New Jersey. The toe of his shoe was dipping in the East River while his heel was over near Tenth avenue—he would get his feet wet.

Closer and closer the particles drew toward the center of the earth, until finally if he had paced thirty times he would have performed Magellan's feat again. Still the shrinking went on. What a strange sight! Though it was only eight o'clock it was becoming light again! He was out of the earth's shadow. He was, in fact, standing upon a globe a foot in diameter. A horrible thought flashed into his mind. What if this globe were to become a point, what would he be resting on? He could only stand on one foot now. How carefully he had to balance!*

At last it had stopped condensing, and he found himself perched upon the earth the size of a plum. How long could he balance there? Oh, if he had only studied the ballet! The difficulty was now settled for him. Something hit him in the head; it was the moon. He lost his footing, slipped and the earth hit his forehead. He was knocked senseless.

Slowly consciousness began to return. Still the cold, hard pressure of the diminished earth bore painfully upon

^{*} It appears that Mr. Littlefield's imagination created dangers, such as difficulty in balancing, etc., proceeding on the action of matter as seen in small terrestrial objects and not on the more general physical laws and properties.—EDITOR.

his aching brow, and, as he gradually recovered his senses, he felt a vague fear that, in the horrible condensation, his beloved one had been destroyed with all the other inhabitants of the terrestrial sphere.

And now a sound broke the stillness of the cold, dark space in which he was suspended—a strangely familiar and earthly sound—a voice, a human voice:

"Last stop. Harlem bridge. All out."

Slowly Charles Littlefield lifted his head off the silver knob of his cane. To outward eyes there was no evidence of his fearful vision except a red spot on the center of his forehead where his cane had pressed. Inwardly his head was aching and he felt, as he afterwards expressed it, as if he had passed from one side of a board fence to the other, through the medium of a knot-hole. "Did yer hear me say 'All out,' young feller?" continued the guard, and as Littlefield, quite dazed, stepped on to the platform at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, he heard that dignitary mutter something about "these sharps who want two rides off the same nickel." Sick and tired as he was, he felt that he could not live in such doubt any longer—

But this is a psychological sketch of the vision of Mr. C. H. Littlefield while under the influence of Eros, and it would be out of place to continue further and tell how, an hour later, when ushered into the parlor of a house in Forty-eighth street, he told the old gentleman his errand, and how the old gentleman said he had come to the wrong person, and how the old gentleman went into the back parlor and returned with the right person, and how the right person, in reply to her uncle's repetition of Mr. Littlefield's remarks, expressed her assent to them, and how, some months later, Fred. Johnson was best man—but we must crave pardon for having thus wandered beyond our subject, and we only hope that this gentleman's experience may meet with careful study from investigators in mental science.

Nocturne.

THAT wizard architect, the Night,
Hath spread with cunning hand
The snow, with which the spires bedight
Resemble Fairyland.

And dusting all with diamond-frost,
He scrolls his mystic rune;
While glow the floating clouds embossed
With silver of the moon.

Thro' curtains stream the mellow bars Of light from towers above, That hides from all the eager stars The form of her I love.

Yet not a sound or note I made Upon the night's cold air, For light guitar or serenade Were discord to her prayer.

An Evening with Our Professor.*

THIRD PAPER.

THAT swift night ride had made me once more a free man, but neither strength or safety were mine as yet. At Stetin I found a kind Jewish physician, who admitted me to his house and cared for me, though by so doing he endangered his own life and property. In six weeks' time he brought me round entirely. Thence I took boat to Hamburg, and thence went to Paris, where I remained for a time, a political exile.

Life in Paris proved uneventful, and in September, 1848, I went to Breslau and thence to Cracow, under a false name and passport. Hungary had risen against the Austrian gov-

^{*}COPYRIGHT, BY E. M. HOPKINS.

ernment; but the movement was one with which I could not sympathize, as the Hungarians had no thought of liberty for anyone but themselves; and I returned without tak-

ing part in it.

I was almost without resources at this time, and rovolutions seemed to dog my foot-steps. I went to Dresden, Saxony, and in three days a revolution broke out there. For the sake of amusement I remained and took up arms. The king escaped and the army fraternized with the people; but a large detachment of Prussian troops coming up from Berlin by rail, it was not long before I found myself again in the hands of my old friends, the Prussians; as yet unrecognized. There was good reason for this, for I was begrimed with powder, from two days' firing from a small room, and had traveled under an assumed name, and with a friend's passport.

From confinement in a church which was used as a temporary prison, I was summoned to examination; and boldly declared my innocence of all complicity with rebellion.

"Innocent! You are now covered with powder."

"Sirs, I was forced to take up arms."

"Prove it."

"Send to my hotel."

I had made friends of the hotel-keeper and his family, and had already carried out a plan for making their stories agree with mine. While we were in the church, we were compelled to sit upright and submit to the inspection of detectives, on the search for old acquaintances presumably—an inspection which, for obvious reasons, was not entirely agreeable to me. One day I saw a Prussian officer observing me narrowly; he passed before me and looked again, and then made a slight signal to me. I did not understand him, but managed to change my position so as to be next the aisle; whereupon the officer passed again, and dropped a paper for me. It was not alarming, containing only these words: "If I can be of service, command me." He was

one of my old friends in Berlin; a German, but a Liberal; and he had recognized me.

I judged it best to communicate with my landlord, and with my friend's help, sent a message to him. Next day a daughter of the landlord came with a waiter, and brought me decent food. We were not allowed to converse, but I slipped a note into the basket, giving a hint of what I wished to be said on examination.

Hence it was that when the inn-keeper arrived before the court, his story tallied with mine in all essentials. As a result I was allowed, after twenty-four hours, to go to the hotel under police escort, where I found a letter containing a welcome supply of money.

Orders were given to send me back to Prussia, whence my borrowed passport was dated. As my name and description and liberal rewards for my arrest were published in all the papers of the kingdom, I felt a very strong disinclination to this proceeding. I did not so much object to going as I disliked traveling under official escort.

Having intimated as much to the inn-keeper, that most estimable gentleman bestirred himself in my behalf, as will be seen. He comprehended my position perfectly; for he was a Bohemian, understood Polish, and was in full sympathy with the Poles.

One of his daughters went in advance to Bautzen, a Saxon town near the Prussian frontier, and arranged for my reception. On the way thither I cultivated the friendship of the guard who accompanied me, with cigars, and on arrival, I sent him to order dinner. While he was gone I was seized by a dozen men and spirited away to the house of the inn-keeper's son. After two days, being provided by him with a passport, I resumed my journey on that very train, went straight to Prussia, and to my own province, to the house of a certain professor and personal friend.

Here I was, on the threshold of my own home, after an absence of years, safe and unsuspected, but under an assumed

name and with a price upon my head. My friend, the professor, advised me to remain quiet for a time and await developments; an advice which I followed for ten days. Then inactivity became unbearable, and I besought him to go to Posen and tell my friends that I was near. During all this time I spoke German only, for the same reason as when on that secret mission in Russia.

By his help I speedily found myself established at the house of another friend, in a province about forty miles from Posen, in the capacity of private tutor, and under the name of Baron Von Indingerode.

My friend was in hopes that by going to Berlin in person, he could mollify the authorities concerning me—a hope that I well knew to be vain. Still he went, and left me with his family, and to play whist with the Landrath, who was pleased to find me a staunch German and loyal to the backbone.

My assumed German character procured for me the disfavor of my Polish neighbors, who did not know me. illwill I overcame in the following manner: While my friend was still absent the terrible cholera of '49 had broken out in a neighboring village. The news was kept from all but the lady of the house. By her aid I was fitted out with a four-horse wagon loaded with supplies, and with several companions I started for the stricken village, sending for a doctor to follow. Having taken the precaution to saturate ourselves with camphor, we arrived at ten o'clock at night, and found the entire village of a hundred and fifty prostrate, dead or dying. The sight was terrible. The village was in a swampy place, and the Black Death was there in its worst form, old and young in its grasp alike. Some really unharmed by it had died of fear. The doctor soon came. but with all our efforts, not a dozen lives were saved.

From that time my Polish brethren gave over their hatred of me as a German, and spoke of me with esteem.

Continued security made me somewhat careless. March 19th, 1850, I received a dinner invitation from a neighboring

stadtholder, who proposed having a grand time upon what was known as Patron's Day, to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph. At that dinner I met a number of my old university friends. We recognized one another joyfully, but took care to converse only in German, as servants were often spies. And to my surprise I learned that a comrade who charged that fatal ditch by my side, and whom I thought to have perished, yet lived; and was in hiding in a Catholic seminary near by, studying to become a priest. He had escaped from that field into a swamp, where he lay for weeks. The exposure lost him his voice. Like myself, he had been in the Prussian army, and he would have found scant grace if captured, for he had burned a German village. He took refuge in the seminary and began to study, as I have said, but the exposure had destroyed his health; he lingered and sank gradually, and when I finally heard of him, he was dying.

Stanislaus so near, and on his death bed! He too had heard that I was near, and had said that if we could only meet once more, he would die content; and I resolved that

I would visit him at any cost.

Next morning I started, alone and on foot. I did not dare keep to the highway, but tramped three miles across the fields to a certain convent, crossed another field, went a mile further, and was almost in sight of the seminary whither I was bound, when behold! the form of a gendarme loomed up before me.

I was unarmed, but we were alone, and I had twenty years advantage in age, so I met him undaunted. He de-

manded, sternly:

"Your papers of identity."

"At your command, sir," I replied, and with the word I rushed on him and upset him headlong in the dirt. Then I took to my heels. He rose and followed me, without firing, until he saw me enter the seminary.

Once inside, I explained that I had come to see my dying friend and was pursued. In a twinkling I was tonsured, clad in a priest's robe, and thus secured against recognition I was led to the bedside and the embrace of Stanislaus.

My friend, the gendarme, hung around for some hours, and then went away to notify the town authorities. This gave me opportunity to send word to my friends and receive a reply that the ladies would help me out. Sentries were placed about the seminary, and the outraged gendarme was among them; but when next morning I passed him in my priest's robe and tonsure, with three others, all carrying arms beneath our robes, he was posed, and let us pass without a word. A little later we met a four-horse carriage of ladies, and were invited to ride; no unusual proceeding for theological students. They whirled me to a town fifteen miles away, where I discarded the robe that had done me such service, and started for Breslau, adrift once more.

The gendarme had not suspected my real identity. Great was his chagrin when he afterward learned what a rich

prize had escaped him.

We have given more time to the subject than I had intended, gentlemen, and I must hasten to a close. The rest is simply a continued record of the straits to which I, a man proscribed and hunted for my life, was reduced, until I determined to leave my country, and made my escape from its shores.

My stay in Breslau was a brief one; the police were too active to suit me, and I returned to Cracow, intending to make my way through to Hungary if possible. Cracow contained an Austrian force. One day, having crossed the Vistula to take a bath, I was dogged by agents of the secret police, who suddenly appeared upon the shore and beckoned me to come out of the water. I did not accept the invitation. Striking out into the current, I swam rapidly down stream three or four hundred yards, and landed in a thick growth of willows. I did not wait for my would-be captors to make their way through it, but ran on down the river for several

miles, until I could run no longer. Resting till night-fall, I went in search of some house where I might beg or steal some additional clothing; for all that I had left upon the shore the police had appropriated. At an inn in a small village, kept by a friendly Jew, I succeeded in borrowing a long robe; and on the following day he carried a note to Cracow for me, and returned with both money and raiment. As he knew I was pursued by the police, I dared not await his return openly, but hid myself until I was sure he had not betrayed me.

I went back to Cracow that night and thence to Breslau. I had lost all desire to go to Hungary, but determined to leave the country entirely. Such an existence as I led had become intolerable. Having received further remittances from my mother I made my way to Posen. I wished to reach Hamburg, but I could not go by rail, as a force of soldiers and police was located at each station. Finally, a friend introduced me to the chairman of a deputation about to visit Berlin to attend the unveiling of the monument of Frederick the Great. The chairman was a man of influence under the government, and at my friend's request he promised me his protection, and took me to Berlin as a nominal member of his deputation.

From Berlin I had little difficulty in reaching Hamburg. I was there six weeks under an assumed name. I had no passport, but Hamburg was then a free city, though full of secret police agents. I kept quiet, waiting for means and deliberating whether to go to France or England, if fortune

would permit me to reach either place.

Fortune aided me to make another narrow escape from capture. One day the owner of the hotel invited me to go with him to visit a farm of his outside the city limits, in Schleswick-Holstein, a province of Denmark; and while we were there enjoying ourselves a waiter came out from Hamburg post haste, in a drosky, with the information that the police had taken possession of my room and baggage at the

hotel. It was evident that I must decide to take some action, and that quickly. I resolved to aim for London. The Exposition was to open there in May, 1851.

The next question was how to get on board a packet; for every passenger had to undergo the scrutiny of the secret police. Not wishing to compromise my friend, I left him on the plea of a trifling matter of business, repaired to Hamburg that night at ten, and went to the office of a steamship company. The agent was as ignorant of French and German as I of English. We made little progress toward an understanding, until I began to think that my escape would be foiled at the last moment by the confusion of tongues.

Luckily the purser appeared on the scene, and, noticing my air of depression, addressed me in French. As soon as my position was understood, instant measures were taken to place me beyond the reach of danger. A cap bearing the ensign of the English navy was placed upon my head, and the purser accompanied me toward the wharf, with the injunction, "Come on, and put on a bold face; we will talk

together and cross the plank."

It was nearing twelve o'clock, at which time the vessel was to sail, taking advantage of the tide. Tar and pitch were burning at the wharf, and by the flaring light the police, stationed on both sides of the gang-plank, examined every face. But erectly and with a firm step I passed the ordeal—in safety. The moment my foot pressed English oak I turned, removed my cap, and, revealing my face to those whose clutches I had escaped, I bade a defiant farewell to them and to my old life. I was a free man, and free forever.

"Here, gentlemen, you must excuse me," and the Professor suddenly became conscious of the unfinished work at his elbow. "I have simply to add that in London, by the merest accident, I met my brother, also seeking for political

freedom, and together we decided to come to the country that is yours—and mine."

We bade him good-night and walked homeward; and it will be many a year before my classmate and I forget that evening with our Professor.

A Remembrance.

HERE is the book, as new and bright,
As when she gave it me that night;
A simple volume, plain and small;
I've hundreds more. But over all
I love it. For she gave it me.
I keep and guard it tenderly.
My birthday eve, she shyly came
And gave it to me, with her love.
Here on the fly-leaf is her name,
And here is written, just above,
"God knows it, I am with you."

Those happy days were long ago.
They passed too soon. Then came the blow
That darkened all the world to me.
She sought for health across the sea;
I waited long, and then there came
A letter, with her own dear name,
That told me she was feeble—ill,
And said, dear child, she loved me still—
A wistful, tender, loving note,
And at the end, my loved one wrote,
"God knows it, I am with you."

Here, under blue Italian skies,
I've found her grave. Yes, here she lies.
Hour after hour I sit and gaze
On scenes 'mid which her last short days
Were spent, and think, poor child, my friend
And loved one, is this, then, the end!
But no! for you are still my own—
I turn, and write upon her stone,

"God knows it, I am with you."

The Study of Models in Literature.

IT IS demanded in this stirring age, that everything be practical. What shall a man do? is the great question of the times. It matters little what speculations he may advance unless the result reached bears directly on the actual business of life. How far this is a right view, we shall not attempt to decide. Enough that it is so, and that no one may forget the spirit of our age, or venture to speak or write without aiming at something useful. We have chosen an eminently practical subject, the study of models in literature as a means of self-culture.

To begin with, what do we mean by models? In what sense are the works in literature, to which the world by common consent has assigned the highest place, to be received as such? Let us distinctly understand in what sense the works, whose claim to immortality has been established, should be received as models, otherwise there is of necessity perplexity and error in the attempt to derive advantage therefrom. How can this or that work be taken as a model—the question will arise—while however great its merits, sound criticism pronounces it, in certain respects, defective? The truth will be found to be that no work in any sphere of literature can be considered perfectly faultless. The highest efforts of human genius have not reached perfection. According to one of our leading critics, a work deserves a place among those that are ranked as models, "when it exhibits excellence sufficiently eminent and peculiar to raise it decidedly above most others in the same line of intellectual effort." It may perhaps be said, that some of the works which take rank as models in certain characteristics, are justly chargeable with great defects when considered as a whole. When, therefore, one who wishes to improve himself resorts to works of distinguished merit, he is by no means to receive them as perfect realizations of the

highest conceptions in their kind, nor even as efforts which defy criticism. They are to be accepted as works whose great and unusual excellences have been acknowledged, excellences which are so admirable as to throw comparatively trifling blemishes into the shade and to give the works, as a whole, a character of greatness.

Since, then, the works which have long been considered monuments are not to be considered faultless, it is first to be said in regard to the study of them as models, that it is a great mistake to approach them with unmingled and unquestioning admiration. Nothing but absolute perfection, such as man has not attained, is entitled to admiration without hesitancy or inquiry. It is no presumption, then, in any of us, as persons of respectable education and intelligence, to criticise the productions of great minds, provided we do it with an inquiring and not a supercilious spirit. For it is true that faults may be detected by those who are vastly inferior in genius to these authors. To have a true conception of what a thing should be is one thing, to have the power to fulfil the ideal is quite another. One who is unable, even in prose, to express his own thoughts with elegance, may yet be competent to perceive and point out the defects which mar the style of other men. Judge, indeed, we must; or it were nearly or quite as well for us that no great work had ever been produced. For if, while studying blindly, we might derive some benefit from the beauties with which our minds are brought in contact, we should be sure also to receive material injury in being led to admire as beauties what are really defects. Nothing, therefore, but a patient and careful discrimination of an author's characteristics, discerning both his strong and weak points, will enable one to gain the full benefit which such works can afford.

It is also, we may say further, an equally great mistake to suppose that truly great works should be studied with a view to imitation. Imitation fetters genius and prevents it from exercising its full scope. It can only produce, at best, a work of medium value. "It is the creator, and not the copyist, to whom the world does homage." The man of real power soon discovers this. He feels that he has a mission of his own which he must fulfill himself. True beauty is infinite in the number of her forms; to copy those that exist is to substitute monotony for variety. To quote the words of another, "Genius, if she would find the living waters for which she feels the longing of a quenchless thirst, must seek them in the underground springs in which, as yet, they sleep in their crystal pureness."

To pass from the negative to the positive, we say in the first place, that whoever would study models to good purpose must have it as his object to form by their aid a just estimate of his own powers and attainments; such an estimate can only be formed by such a comparison of one's self with others. Without a standard all measurement is impossible. Let anyone make tolerable progress in culture without knowing what others have achieved, and he will almost certainly misjudge his own intellectual powers. neglects to give attention to what master minds have done, and to look at himself in the mirror of their greatness, he will surely fail to discover what and how much he has to do in order to place his own upon the list of immortal names. If he thinks himself wise let him try the depths of Plato or sit and meditate at the feet of those two blind old men on whose deep darkness burst the glorious visions of the Iliad and Paradise Lost.

A man is thus at once brought to a more sober judgment of himself, and to a clearer conception of the difficulty of the task of producing any work of really superior merit; such a conviction gives the real starting point for an upward flight. It is little less true in regard to the lofty region within which greatness lies than it is of the kingdom of heaven itself, that "except a man humble himself and become as a little child he shall in nowise enter therein."

There is another thing to be kept in view by those who would improve themselves by attention to the works of masters. Each person should aim in his study to modify himself; or, in other words, to give completeness and harmony to his own intellectual powers. We gain our idea of intellectual completeness, not from any single mind, but by a mental combination of the best qualities of many.

In the choice of models, one should first of all consider his own intellectual tendencies, and then select such authors as differ essentially from himself in their mental characteristics. It is in such that he will find the materials to fill up his own deficiencies. The opposite course, however, is the one most frequently taken. Naturally we seek those authors whose mental traits are most in accordance with our own. If one who would learn to speak with eloquence is naturally inclined to redundancy, he will be likely to admire the Roman orator. If, on the contrary, one is himself abrupt and pointed, he will read with the greatest enjoyment "the sententious terseness and sledge-hammer-like percussion" of the great Athenian. The effect of the first course will be a wordy and bombastic address. The effect of the latter course will be to exaggerate his natural love of force and cause it to become excessive, and so at last to render his manner of speaking or writing harsh and disagreeable. Or, to take another sphere. Let any one who is inclined to be grandiloquent, become captivated with the stateliness of Dr. Johnson's periods, and he will straightway discourse "with the pomp and majesty of hexameters," and, as one of our great writers has said, will remind us of what is said of Behemoth in the Book of Job: "He moveth his tail like the cedar." For such minds, "the Saxon simplicity" of Dr. Paley and "the rugged vigor" of Bishop Butler, or if they demand lighter material and more polish, the marvelous beauty of Addison and Steele would be the appropriate prescription. In short, the mind should be brought into contact with the qualities which differ most widely from its own.

Next to this advantage of attaining self-completeness may be placed another which requires activity of mind and direct effort to attain. It is by the study of great works that we can deduce the laws and principles which, although particular in their application, are universal in their nature. do this is to make a most valuable acquisition. It is doubtless true that mere rules, derived from what has already been done, never have and never can produce a work of genius. It may even be admitted that many authors, in the production of some of the greatest works, have disregarded, in certain particulars, or seem to have disregarded, the laws of the schools. But it is equally true that there are fixed principles which are necessarily involved, to a greater or less extent, in the construction of every truly great work. It is the business of the careful and inquiring reader to discover these fundamental principles, to perceive the need of them, and so to interweave them with his own modes of thought that he will always afterward feel their practical effect. It is in this way that without imitation one who thoughtfully studies the highest class of works is profited both by the general and particular beauties which gives them their place.

In this way the mind also becomes better qualified to judge of the good qualities of others and to produce them for himself. In the words of another, "the mere copyist is like one who begs or steals the fruit from his neighbor's garden," while he who studies in the manner just described "is like one who, from his neighbor's successful experiments, learns

how to produce fruit in his own."

We must allude to one more kind of fruit which each one, who studies wisely the great models left by gifted minds, may gather. It is by his intimacy with these, in no small measure, that he can be inspired with that earnest, generous enthusiasm, without which nothing great can ever be achieved. No worker in any department of literature, philosophy or science, ever deserved or secured the permanent homage of mankind, who was not borne onward in surmounting

difficulties by an intense zeal for his pursuit, an ambition to rise to distinction in it, and a noble enthusiasm which so burned in his soul that it would not be quenched. This "vital glow" which has always animated minds of a high order is shown in their words. It is the living soul of whatever is truly great among the creations of the intellect. Some few minds, it may be, endowed by nature with unusual ardor, may less than others need to be enlivened by this transmitted fire; but to the great majority, even of the finest minds, it is a necessary and invaluable stimulus. Could it be ascertained just how much each mind that has produced any great work has been indebted to the force of an enthusiasm communicated by contact with some work of another mind, it would be very interesting and instructive to see the result of the inquiry. The array of illustrious names that brighten the pages of history would then appear not as so many isolated individuals, but as all linked together into one grand chain of intellectual life and power. And it would be seen that from first link to last the electric spark of enthusiasm has been transmitted. It is only necessary for one to have the qualities of a conductor and to place himself in the right position to receive the vital current. "A soul on fire" is the essential condition of all progress toward excellence, and how can the flame be kindled in the soul so well as by contact with the masterpieces of literature?

Vaices.

The Study of Literature.

THE author of Obiter Dicta characterizes the present as an age when it is considered of more value, educationally, to know the principle of the common pump than Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Mr. Birrell hits truly a feature of the nineteenth century, and one not without pertinence to the lover of literature. Nevertheless we do not think that he has touched the real danger which menaces literature. We do not think that the poet's Grecian Urn,

"With bride Of marble men and maidens overwrought"

has anything to fear from the laws of hydro-mechanics per se. The danger lies rather in the attempt to apprehend the poem as we would the pump. Stated more generally, literature suffers not from a direct comparison with science, but from the present tendency to carry scientific methods and modes of thought into the realm of literature; in a word, to confound science and art. A single consideration will serve to show the absurdity of such a confusion. The proper mental attitude of the scientist is one of complete scepticism, that of the artist one of credulity.

If we take to heart the distinction just drawn, we shall perceive the immense difference between studying literature and studying about literature. The "Jew of Malta" is a work of art. The statements that it was written by Christopher Marlowe and that Marlowe was born 1564 and died 1593, are interesting historical facts, but are no part of literature. We do not wish to depreciate the study of the names and dates of authors, of lists of their works and of

their characters. What we do insist is that the educational value of such study is purely scientific, not in any sense artistic. In an hour's time one may learn the titles and the plots of works which it would take a year to master. In a correspondingly short time one may, by cramming reviews and criticisms, enable himself to talk glibly and quite correctly about any one of the masters of literature without having read one word of that author's writings.

In the study of a science each hour's work yields a definite and tangible result. In the study of literature it is otherwise. That such study gives correct taste, a fairer sense of beauty and a better style, is indisputable. But who can point to the improvement in any of these respects due to a single evening's reading? Now for work of this kind, whose effects are seen only in the long run, the present educational system, which makes every hour's work lead up to a recitation and estimates its value in fractional parts of one hundred, is ill fitted to prepare one. Here one must look for results, not to minutes and hours, but to months and years. Hurried and spasmodic effort are worse than useless. Only by continuous and thoughtful work can anything of real value be accomplished, and for this one needs an abiding faith in the sure effects of time.

Another phase of the time element deserves consideration. We refer to the length of the separate time spaces which one employs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton in his "Intellectual Life" makes a powerful plea for time in large masses. With a given number of hours to apply to any one end, the best results are to be attained by so arranging the time that one may work without interruption for just so long as the brain is capable of working at its full power. This limit will vary with each individual. As beneficial as a regard for this truth may be in any form of intellectual work, it is of especial pertinence in the study of literature. If upon two successive days one takes up a book, say at two o'clock in the afternoon, but from some cause is interrupted at the end of an hour, the amount accomplished will probably be

not nearly that which would have rewarded one for working until four o'clock upon a single day. The arrangement of our curriculum and certain other college regulations make it impossible for us to take full advantage of this truth. Nevertheless, it does no harm to recognize it.

As to the method of study, perhaps the most important thing to emphasize is the simple fact that there should be some method, rather than a desultory plucking of literary flowers, now here, now there. As to just what method is employed is a matter of less moment. The most obvious is the study of a single author's works at one time, and this not because they are the writing of one person, but because, through the productions of every poet, and it is to poetry especially that we now refer, there runs an undercurrent of thought-the reflection of the poet's own personality-which makes the whole a unit. We do not mean simply the reading through of an edition of the poems arranged chronologically, or thrown together at haphazard. This may fairly be compared to the perusal of the table of contents in a prose work. It is only when the different pieces are collected as to subject, and style, and thought, that any of the advantages due to method are attained. Another method would be illustrated by the study of the Promethus myth, as treated by Æschylus and Shelley, or a comparison of Shelley's Adonais with Milton's Lycidas, or of the descriptions given by the different poets of our own age or land of a single object in nature, as a rose, or the sky at sunset. A hundred other themes, each of which could be made to furnish the data for a valuable comparison of some kind, must occur to every one.

Literature offers a broad and varied field for study, with plenty of room for the gratification of individual inclination and taste, but he who would do more than view it from afar must remember that it cannot be approached with the calculating, statistical eye of a scientist, and that it yields its best fruit only to the humble and patient but appreciative seeker.

H. G. D.

A Suggestion to Our Professors.

IT IS one of the cardinal principles among men, college men at least, that it is not profitable to labor for that which they may honestly acquire without labor, or to put it more plainly, they don't believe in practically unnecessary work. It is the recognition and application of this principle to our college duties that calls forth this voice.

The course in the last two years we find to be made up largely of lectures on the subjects under consideration. We find also that the work of note-taking is not only arduous requiring the strictest attention and most rapid writing, but that in the end, no matter how faithfully we have worked, our notes are far from what we should wish to have. It is sometimes almost a matter of impossibility to take notes from a lecturer, either from the rapidity with which he must speak to cover a certain amount of ground in a limited time, or from the inherent difficulty of the subject. What we propose is that these professors who are accustomed to deliver essentially the same lectures from year to year in their courses, have their lectures printed, or if that is impossible, have outlines made out that shall be as full as possible. This would not require any great amount of work on their part and would be of great benefit to the students. Note-taking, especially in a long term, becomes one of the most unpleasant features in our course, and we can see no good reason why we should not be saved as much of it as possible. A number of arguments may be adduced in favor of the proposition. The simple mental exercise can not be regarded as of a high or profitable order. It seems about as advantageous in its results as running a locomotive at a high rate of speed on a well greased track, or to make the allusion classical, as Sisyphus' famous rock-rolling employment. It can not be urged that we remember what we have heard and taken down, for this we can not do. To explain the case

psychologically, each fact, as we hear it, strikes us with just force enough to annihilate its predecessors, so that at the close we are conscious of having heard a great deal, while we only retain the last sentence or two, or some of the salient points. In this matter we would like to attain somewhat more to the character of a perfect machine and get a better return for the expenditure of mental energy.

If the class had printed notes or outlines, it would enable the professor to get over considerably more ground in a term with less trouble to himself and more satisfaction to the class; for as it is now, the lecturer must go slowly in order that any portion of his lecture may be taken down. Then too, such an arrangement would remove a great deal of inconvenience that now comes regularly with examination Under present conditions there is always a run on those fortunate or unfortunate toilers who have succeeded in getting good notes in any subject. To them all have recourse who, from constitutional failings or other reasons, have not secured the material necessary for a knowledge of the subject. To some few it is a pleasure to lend notes, to many a decided bore. It will also be found that with printed notes the class in general will have a much better knowledge of the subject than under the present system, a result undoubtedly acceptable to all the interested parties.

The plan has been tried in some courses, and with such satisfactory results, to the students at least, that we hope it may be extended to other branches.

D. B.

The Sketch Club.

OUTSIDE of certain departments in the college course, there is little to bring out the artistic sense in students, which many have, and which lies dormant unless excited by some external influence.

The Sketch Club was formed several years ago to create this stimulus, and has met with varying success each winter. Last year there was but little interest shown; few members, few meetings, and little work accomplished. This year, however, it is in every way a success. It is larger than usual, the members are active and interested in the work, and the results are good. This is due, partly to the organizers, who have been energetic in starting it, partly to the excellence of the instruction given, and partly to a reaction in interest from last year. The Club meets once a week, on Wednesdays, and members may come in at any time during the morning or afternoon to sketch from the model or from casts, and to receive instruction.

The meetings and the work will be continued during winter term, and arrangements will be made to receive new members at the beginning of the term. This is a branch of education that more in the college should be interested in, and it is hoped that those who are interested in sketching, those who have tried it before and would like to improve, and those who have not attempted it but would like to try, will take advantage of the opportunity offered to them.

W. F. D.

A Plea for Exercise.

THE action of those in authority in converting the gymnasium into an examination hall during the last examination week has certainly met with anything but approbation from the college at large. Of course this cannot be intended to be other than a temporary arrangement, but even as such the objections are of such a serious nature that we earnestly hope that the experiment will not be repeated.

By this plan not only are we deprived of the use of the gymnasium for over a week, but that at the very time when it is most needed. Examination week is a trying ordeal at the best, and there are few fellows who are not more or less "broken up" before the last paper is finished. An hour's work every day in the gym. during these evil days goes a long way toward keeping one in good condition for study. The writer has been told by several men of his own class that they have heretofore been more regular in their attendance at the gym. during this week than at any other time. These men naturally feel greatly inconvenienced by the new order of things. The members of the Gymnastic Association also lose a great deal or time in being thus compelled to go out of training for nearly a month.

If, however, while closed as a gymnasium it were a good examination hall this would be something. But it is not. The light even at midday is poor. The building cannot be heated sufficiently in cold weather to make it comfortable to stay in when not exercising. Furthermore, not to speak of the mental associations connected with a gymnasium, there are others of a less ethical nature which render it unsuitable as a place for protracted study. That ἐλαίου τοῦ ἐν γυμνασίοις ὀσμή which Xenophon tells us to the Greeks was sweeter than perfume is to us poor, degenerate moderns, anything but a pleasant accompaniment to two or three

hour's work on an examination paper.

Lastly, the building under consideration was, if we are correctly informed, given to the college by two gentlemen to be used as a gymnasium. But we refrain from presenting ethical considerations to the attention of the authorities.

H. G. W.

The Mails.

A NY one that chances to be at the post-office either immediately after chapel on certain mornings in the week, or just after supper almost every evening of the term, and beholds before him that crowding, surging mass of humanity

which usually congregates there, will recognize that there is some serious deficiency in the arrangement of our postoffice department here, and one that should be remedied if possible. The mails are invariably closed just at the hours when the students happen by the office, upon their return from meals or chapel. A delay is necessary, a crowd congregates, and when, finally, the windows are opened, such a rush occurs that, for a moment, a man imagines himself transported back into the beginning of Freshman year. If he comes out of the fray unscathed, he congratulates himself upon his good fortune; but a little later he calls upon his muse in sweetest strains upon finding his watch crystal broken, his spectacles gone, and his hat and clothing in a state of general confusion. This is a difficulty, and the question is, How shall we obviate it? The time of the arrival of mails cannot be changed: therefore some other means must be The following plan is suggested:

At present the students pay into the post-office for box rent at least two hundred dollars. Now, instead of applying this amount for such a purpose, let us contribute this sum as an extra salary to one of the present postal clerks, or to some needy and deserving student, whose business it should be to sort out and deliver all of the mail addressed to the subscribers to the scheme. If a box were placed in a central location on the campus, he could also collect all of the mail from the college, thus removing almost all necessity of a student's going to the post.

Two hundred, or even three hundred dollars per year, added to the salary of a clerk, or contributed to a student working his way through college, would not be inconsiderable, but when apportioned among the number of students that would surely take advantage of the system, it would reach a minimum expense.

It would require but a few hours of labor each day; for what time is now spent in arranging and distributing the letters into the different boxes, could be applied towards sorting them for the carrier. Three deliveries each day would, in all probability, be sufficient; for scarcely any man goes to the post more often than this. The first should be in the morning, while the students are in the first recitation. The carrier would get started upon his route during chapel, so that when a man returned from his first recitation he would find his mail under his door. The other two should be at noon and evening.

Jan.,

The advantages of such a plan are obvious, while no difficulties seem to prevent its accomplishment. In the first place, it would answer the same purpose as a box, while it would secure the extraordinary advantage of having the mail delivered to your room. It would do away with all crowding and pushing at the post office, and it would relieve a man from going to the post after the morning recitation, when time is most valuable to him. Moreover, the expense would be less than the present box rent, and this, if the students saw fit to so stipulate, could be contributed towards defraying the expenses of some fellow-student. This last point is not inconsiderable, for it is becoming the boast of universities now, that they can offer various methods of self support.

The plan is submitted in this crude form merely to bring it before the consideration of the students. The details are forthcoming if necessary.

A. C. M.

An Optional.

AS A number of the professors have given optionals to the various classes in their respective departments, which were well attended, why could not one of our instructors in English offer a course in "English Literature of To-day?" Without doubt many would take advantage of the opportunity and attend.

The course could take up current and recent literature, critically treating of the prominent authors and their works. It certainly would vastly aid in reading by helping in the selection of subjects and writers. Too many are fairly wandering in the present field, nibbling here and there without getting any very substantial nourishment.

It has been the custom of a certain Professor in the parting lecture of Sophomore year to give some excellent advice in this direction, which was and is of benefit to many, but owing to its being a single lecture, the scope is necessarily limited.

Such a course as is suggested would take up a different author or school each time, and in this manner some definite and clear ideas of the channels in which current literature is running would be arrived at, and a better appreciation of what we read obtained.

Clear and instructive thinking on such subjects could easily be started by an impetus of this sort, and probably the quality of the essay work raised. While the professors are very obliging in the way of personal advice, one hesitates to keep asking on the same subject, and the need of such a course has long been felt.

W. P. A.

Editorials.

AS THE judges were unable to award any prize in the recent contest, owing to the inferior quality of the stories, we have decided to keep the competition open until the 12th of February. All contributions for the prize should be left at the Sanctum, No. 1 N. R., on or before that date.

The Library Fence.

THE total-exclusion scheme in our library has been tried I in the balance and found wanting, and the students are to be congratulated upon once more being admitted behind the railing, even if the time is limited to the space of one short hour. This partial change to the former system is the forerunner, we trust, of a complete return to the good old days when we were allowed to wander freely in and out of the alcoves without momentary fear of being ejected on account of time. During the winter months especially there is a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction in occasionally spending a whole afternoon in discovering new and hidden treasures among the well-filled departments. When the unanimity of undergraduate sentiment in regard to this matter is fully appreciated by those who have the matter in charge, we believe the desired return to the old system will be speedily effected.

Literary Societies.

A S WE step from the train and are confronted by fourteen weeks more of uninterrupted college life, we are possibly tempted to make some comparison of the future with the

past, and may not find it altogether favorable. If Cowper is to be trusted, we have led no insipid life thus far in the year, for it certainly did not lack variety. Variety in occupation, from the serious consideration of a text book to a little sportive "horse" on the campus; variety in companions, from the diligent student with whom we discussed philosophy to the leisurely fellow with whom we took an afternoon stroll, or the lover of sport with whom we engaged in our exercise; variety of interests, personal, fraternal, athletic, the last not least; all this we have enjoyed, and it is with regret that we think of the snow and ice that must preclude the best enjoyments of the past and drive us to our rooms to seek consolation from our old friends that burden the dark shelves of our book-cases.

It is always pleasant to meet an old friend, and for a time we get along first rate, but when a man insists upon conducting the conversation entirely himself, and if you grow a little heedless, bores you uncivily, you are likely in the course of time to grow weary of his company; and if you were not sure of missing some rare enjoyment and having your own prestige lowered by treating these good old gentlemen so unmannerly, you would feel tempted to take abrupt leave of the whole crowd and seek a lively college pow-wow. It is unfortunate that the most useful occupations are not always the pleasantest, and the companionships which will be the most profitable in the end not always the most attractive for the present. If you could combine the beauties of DeQuincey with the pleasant companionship of your particular friend, or the humor of Addison with the lively cheer of a room full of congenial fellow-students, surely the desideratum would be attained; and why not?

These old gentlemen are most anxious to be entertaining, in fact, it is the great boast of the best of them that they can entertain all who will give them a chance. Introduce Dick Steele to a company of friends prepared to receive him

Jan.,

with some hospitality, and see how quickly he becomes the life of the party. Indeed, genial Dick takes to companionship like a duck to water, and exerts himself to show such wit and wisdom as he never would display in private. But the inpulsive old essayist is not alone in this particular. The most reserved and cold of them will unbend somewhat

and become more friendly in a jolly company.

It is only in such a company that you can fully appreciate what a splendid lot of masters our good old language has served, and there only can you become so acquainted with them all as to know a good man when you see him and lay bare the shallow souls of pretenders. And these pretenders are everywhere, old and new, of every color, character and degree; blocking the paths of philosophy, filling with spurious art the beautiful galleries of poetry, and crowding out good fiction with wild and thoughtless seekers of pleas-They are but too anxious to make your acquaintance, and with their flaring garb and insinuating air are constantly trying to push aside their more modest and respectable brothers. If we are not to be deceived by them we must learn to tell true literature from false; and if we do not take a firm stand in this question, who will?

That such meetings, if well conducted, will be pleasurable to all, those who have participated in them will testify. It is only necessary that they be informal and that the members

be congenial and interested in literature.

Such a club existed for two years in the present Senior Class, and every one of the ten members looks back upon it as one of the pleasantest and most profitable features of his college life. There is, indeed, a rare enjoyment in such fortnightly pow-wows, where all else is for a time forgotten, and in comfort and good fellowship the one theme in which all are interested in the topic of an easy but lively discussion varied by a few short readings, and perhaps a brief essay.

In the light of past experience we would urge all those who have the time and inclination, to draw upon our friends in the literary alcove for profit and amusement, with the assurance that when, occasionally, in the still hours of the night, they leave a literary conference to obtain rest for the morrow, it will be with the consciousness of an evening well spent.

A Word of Advice.

MANY a man, on entering college, proposes to himself to secure a position on some college publication. no hurry, generally; tells himself that there is plenty of time, and quietly enjoys the satisfaction of imagining himself in the coveted position. Many, undoubtedly, stop here, unconcernedly postponing their work; finally, when the harvest becomes plenteous, the laborers are not only few, but new as well, both untried and unaccustomed to the duties required of them. Those who have been wont to look on attaining an editorship as easy as "rolling off a log," begin to think that they have been misled somehow, and look upon the successful aspirants as the possessors of some golden secret, and upon the ways of the present board of editors as something "past finding out." The result is that the competitor who succeeds in getting his work accepted is dubbed a "lucky dog," the editorial management is scathingly criticised, and last, but not least, the hitherto enthusiastic writer leaves the class of literary producers and joins the great majority of literary consumers. good man gone wrong," tells the whole story. It is with a view to reveal some of the arcana of successful literary labor in the sphere of college journalism that these words are penned.

In the first place, contributors should be willing to ask and take a little advice from the present board of editors. They know better than any one else what kind of material the publication needs, and they are generally very willing and ready to give contributors the benefit of suggestion and advice. Personally we are convinced that much time and effort are as good as wasted by competitors because spent in preparing something which, from its very nature, is not available. It will do all very well to talk of solitude as the "school of genius," but generally the magnum opus conceived in the solitude of college cloisters finds an uncongenial environment when it emerges from its hiding-place. The fact is,

"They didn't know everything down in Judee,"

and one of the most distinctive of "modern improvements" is that we do not heed the cry, "Ecce in deserto; Ecce in penetralibus." In short, the contributor must learn the publication's needs and adapt his work thereto.

Again, many aspirants for positions on editorial boards give up all competition because of the rejection of a single MS. which they think is meritorious. Essays read at preparatory school commencement are some of them doubtless very good, that is to say, good enough for the local newspaper to praise highly. The fact remains, however, that many of these productions are below par inside of college walls. Possibly we are not educated up to them yet. Nevertheless, the fact remains that they are too bombastic and amateurish to suit the critical taste of the college editor. So it should never discourage a man to have what he regards as good MS. rejected.

One suggestion more; learn what you can do by experience. Give your abilities in all lines a fair showing. Don't be afraid to be obstinate—a little obstinate—but when you find your place, however uncomplimentary or contrary to your high conceptions it may be, accept the verdict and work hard in that line.

So we would advise, then, that you discontinue work on that pretentious essay on the "Greek Drama," or "Pre-Shakespearian Transcendentalism;" you will cease to ride that high-stepping Pegasus; you will leave that thrilling romance until later, and begin hard work on an essay on Swinburne's poetry or Aldrich's verse, or touch up that half-forgotten bit of rhyme which has lain long in your drawer, or finish translating that scrap of French; or write a "Voice" on that subject you have been pondering of late, and some day you may find your name on the scroll of fortune.

A Trip to Europe.

THE short, pleasant holidays are over, and we once more begin that life of hope and anticipation which finds its final realization in far-off summer vacation. So much good advice is being constantly showered upon us as to the profitable employment of our leisure time during the long winter evenings, that we forbear mentioning the advantages of debating societies, faithful hall work and literary clubs, and pass directly on to the consideration of that joyful time when the overtaxed brain can obtain three months of unadulterated rest; and before any definite plans have been formed as to where or how to spend these days of relaxation, it might be well to consider carefully a plan which few have tried, but which we venture to say would be thoroughly enjoyed by a vast majority of college men. It is simply a short trip to Europe.

If there ever is a time in a man's life when he is pre-eminently fitted to enjoy such a journey, it is during or at the close of his college course. Familiar with ancient and modern history, with the treasures of classic literature stored away in the recesses of his brain—only waiting for fit time and occasion to call them forth, with no business cares to cause him anxiety—he is able to absorb more solid pleasure and benefit from travel than at any other period of life.

But how about the expense? Can a man of ordinary means stand the pressure? These are very natural, pertinent

questions, and in reply we quote from M. Ghequier in the American Architect of February 25th, 1882; after stating that he had paid \$110 for return ocean ticket he says: "I kept a record of every item of expenses, and the total cost of the trip from the time we left the steamer until our return, was but \$156 apiece. We were on land in all forty-seven days, thus making the average cost per day about \$3.33; this added to the ocean trip made the total cost \$266, from New York back to New York, for seventy days; the total average was \$3.80. The above amount includes steward's fees, all entrance fees to buildings, etc., and fees to porters and others at the hotels. These being absolute facts, will show with what economy such a journey can be made, and how absurd it is to talk about the great expense. It is true it requires careful management, but no superfluous counting of small change, and I believe with what experience I now possess I could do it even cheaper." One could hardly ask for more reasonable figures than those just quoted, since they even fall below the average expense of traveling in our own country.

Of course the time is short and it would be almost impossible to do justice to even a small portion of Europe in two months, but then almost every foot of soil is so rich in historic memories that it would be hard to make any mistake in choosing the route of travel. At all events it is money well invested, and in view of the many dividends declared, it is to be hoped that many will give the question a thoughtful consideration.

Literary Gassip.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; The year is dying, let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring happy bells across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold, Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

IN MEMORIAM, C V.

"OF ALL sound of bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering up to my mind of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve months; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary when he exclaimed:

'I saw the skirts of the departing year!'

It is no more than what, in sober sadness, every one of us seems to be conscious of in that awful leave-taking." So speaks the gentle Elia in one of his most serious and thoughtful essays. I think we can all agree with him that "the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler," and that "no one ever regarded the first of January with indifference."

A New Year is always a good subject for a little quiet meditation, and there is no better time than New Year's Eve for a long look back into the past and on into the days that lie before us. And to us the birth of this New Year is of a special and peculiar interest. Every New Year's day, it has been well said, is a mile-stone on the journey of life; but this New Year is more than that to us. It marks for us the beginning of a new order of things; it reveals to us that great struggle for existence

into which we are so soon to plunge; it finds us college boys, it will leave us men. The bells that ring in this New Year are the signal guns that open for us the battle of life. I hope I am no coward. I hope to play my part in that battle like a man, and yet I confess that I look forward to it with a strange dread and a wild desire to run away, if only it were possible. The old life has been so pleasant, the Old Year such a gay companion.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim; A merrier year we shall not see. But the his eyes are waxing dim, And the his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die; We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, Old Year, if you must die.

Ah well, it is our first battle; and in his first battle, men say, the bravest man experiences some very peculiar sensations. His heart almost ceases to beat and its activity is transferred to his legs, which seem to have a will power of their own, and that will power bent upon an advance backward. But he gets over it in time. Many a man who fled in the wild panic at the first Bull Run lived to beat back Pickett's fiery charge on Cemetery Hill and storm the dreadful lines that guarded Petersburg. And so let us hope that some of us who now linger reluctant on the dubious verge of this greater battlefield may win for ourselves a good name and a fair fame e'er our conflict closes.

I have been doing some Christmas reading to-day. There is little enough of it in our language when we remember how many centuries Christmas has been the one day of the year for English-speaking men. A few old ballads and carols, some ringing verses by Scott, a few exquisite stanzas of "In Memoriam," a "Roundabout Paper," by Thackeray, a little volume of Christmas stories by Dickens, a sketch or two by our own Irving, and the list is complete. Only a day's reading, and yet I doubt if any other day's reading would do us so much good. It puts us in complete harmony with the spirit of Christmas to read such books, and what greater good can we get from any book than to become imbued with the spirit of Christmas, "on earth peace, good will toward men."

I think that of all these books Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is about the best to read. I read it over again this morning, and after it I ran through some of Thackeray's Christmas papers, and for once in my life I found Thackeray inferior to Dickens. I have always been a firm believer in Thackeray, and have persistently rejected the claims of his great rival, but I must say that on such a theme as Christmas and Christmas joys Thackeray's accustomed strain of kindly mockery seems strangely out of place, while Dickens, on the other hand, lays aside his levity and irrever-

ence when he comes to speak of the holy season. No one has ever sung so well as he the praises of that "kind, forgiving, pleasant, charitable time, the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys." "Old Marley's Ghost" and the "Spirits of Christmas, Past, Present and To Come" have converted many another man besides Ebenezer Scrooge.

I have taken a great deal of interest lately in studying the pamphlet reprinted from letters in the Pall Mall Gazette, containing Sir John Lubbock's list of the best hundred books, and the replies which it elicited from such various luminaries as the Prince of Wales. John Ruskin and Henry Stanley, among others. Of Sir John's list I have little to say. A man who will deliberately, and with malice aforethought, recommend such works as "The Analects of Confucius," "The Ethics of Aristotle," and the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus of Spinoza," for the average working man as light reading after a hard day's work, is beyond criticism. He is not, and cannot be, a man of mortal frame like us; he lives and moves in a sphere of his own. His list is variously noticed by various correspondents, but the most summary and effective method of disposing of it is that conducted by Mr. James Payn. He simply remarks. "When I look through the list of books you sent me I cannot help saying to myself, 'here are the most admirable and varied materials for the formation of a prig." I wish I had the pleasure of Mr. Payn's acquaintance; a man who can so well express what all men feel must be well worth knowing.

One of the most interesting features of the pamphlet is Ruskin's revision of Sir John's list. He puts his pen "lightly through the needless and blottesquely through the rubbish and poison," and after this little operation the poor list looks like a newspaper map of the burnt district. Ruskin's views on reading and literature in general have always been somewhat startling, to say the least; but it is positively appalling to see how, in this list, the most venerated names go down before his deadly pen. It is certainly satisfactory to find that Confucius, Aristotle and Spinoza are banished as needless; and in these days when Scott is abandoned to boys it warms the heart to hear such a champion proclaiming that we must read every word of the great wizard. But when he blots from the list Sophocles and Euripides, Gibbon and Grote, Macaulay and Emerson, George Eliot and Thackeray as rubbish and poison, we can only gasp out our amazement and ask, what next? He is equally hard upon the philosophy of the list. He dismisses Mill with the contemptuous remark that his day is over; and he forever disposes of Evolution by styling its greater discoverer "a dim comet wagging his useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars." I think we all like to see a good fight; there is something in it that fires

the heart, and when Ruskin's blood is up he sticks at nothing. It is amusing, too, to find Swinburne calmly advising us to read selections from the Bible: Job, the Psalms, Isaiah, the gospels of Matthew, Luke and John, and one or two of the Epistles. Not but that these are good reading, but some high authorities have given it as their deliberate

opinion that the whole book was at least worth turning over.

Yes, there is some very good reading in this little pamphlet, and enough good advice is wasted upon most of its readers, I fear, to do a world of good if rightly applied. Few of us, I am afraid, will lay to heart the warning of a famous bookseller, who tells us, "To read fiction I had no time. A friend of mine read novels all night long, and was one morning found dead in his bed. Let young men study Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, etc. 'Cuvier's Animal Kingdom,' by Griffith, 16 Vols. 8vo., would come in as a diversion." Would it, indeed? Such advice has always seemed to me to be a complete refutation of the

doctrine of the conservation of energy.

But in all seriousness I think we can get much more amusement than benefit out of such a combat as this. Advice, I believe, is the very opposite of mercy: "it vexeth him that gives and him that takes," and of all advice that about reading is least often followed. But if we wish advice on this great matter let us beware of all such heated controversies, and turn from Ruskin taking arms against a sea of troubles to Ruskin in repose, as in his "Sesame and Lilies," or to Lowell's great addresses on "Books and Libraries," or, best of all, to Frederic Harrison's "Thoughtful and Suggestive Choice of Books," I don't know any better reading to begin the New Year with than this careful study by a profound thinker of what and how to read. He is the most impartial of critics and unprejudiced of advisers. He makes the strongest appeal I have ever seen for the reading of the classics, ancient and modern, and he is justly severe upon the books about books that form so much of the literature of to-day. "A generation which will listen to 'Pinafore' for three hundred nights (what would he say to 'Adonis,' I wonder, or the 'Little Tycoon'?) and will read the seventeenth romance of M. Zola, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it would read about a cuneiform inscription, and it will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his simple joyousness the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ball-room is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade." I wish all of us could read these few essays of Harrison's. They may not set us to reading Homer in the original, perhaps, but they would certainly set us to reading some of the great classics, and that alone would more than repay us for the pleasant trouble of reading Harrison.

Well, I must draw to a close, the night is growing late, or rather the day is very young, the lights are out in nearly all the buildings round the campus, save where some solitary lamp reveals a student still at work over laboratory chemistry, perhaps, or, ethics; for both these evils are now upon us. Heaven be praised, they will be past and gone, and, except by a few unfortunates, forgotten forever when you read these lines. The New Year will be here, and whatever it may bring us it can hardly bring us worse than these. May it be a year of good fortune for us all, and at its close may we all echo those words of Longfellow: "So closes the year. Peace to his ashes! Peace to the embers of burnt-out things; fears, anxieties, doubts, all gone! I see them now as a thin blue smoke, hanging in a bright heaven of a past year, vanishing away into utter nothingness. Not many hopes deceived; not many illusions scattered; not many anticipations disappointed; but love fulfilled, the heart comforted, the soul enriched with affection."

Editor's Table.

EXAMINATIONS over; college closed; classmates departed; barely enough of the editorial corps remaining in town to shoulder the responsibility of getting another number from the sanctum to the pressroom; and the weight of the aforesaid responsibility so retarded their movements that they did not meet at the club table till the sun was well toward the meridian. But duty must be done, and after breakfast we wended our lonely way campusward, and essayed to do it. There is a tradition, hitherto unformulated, and floating vaguely round in the literary air of our sanctum, to the effect that a poetical quotation always looks well at the head of an editorial; serving the double purpose of an ornament and a buffer to break the force of a too abrupt collision with one's subject. Wishing to propitiate the æsthetic, and at the same time to avoid any damage of the sort above referred to, we took down our Swinburne and opened him at random, hoping that the Fates would guide us to something appropriate.

And they did. The appropriateness of it was simply startling; for these were the first words that met our astonished gaze:

"In the world of dreams I have chosen my part, To sleep for a season, and hear no word."

The rest of it was somewhat irrelevant, but any quotation would be that if pursued too far. We resolved to make another attempt, and the result only served to convince us the more firmly that the Fates were abroad in the land. This time the book came open at the seventy-first page, and behold, the following:

"Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering Night? Hath not the Dawn a message in thine ear? Though thou be stone and sleep, yet shalt thou hear When the word falls."

Judging by these two passages alone, Swinburne certainly must have received a college education. How about Browning? A volume of his poems lies near at hand, and in a trice the question is settled for him also:

"' Night caps, night comfort of the human race;
Their usage may be growing obsolete,
Still, in the main, the institution stays.
And though yourself may possibly have lived,
And probably will die, undignified—
The Never-night-capped—more experienced folk
Laugh you back answer—what should Night-cap be

Save Night-cap pure and simple? Sorts of such? Take cotton for the medium, cast an eye This side to comfort, lambswool, or the like, That side to frilly cambric costliness, And all between proves Night-cap proper."

This much hardly proves our point, for the subject is not usually a college elective, but we notice that the above is given simply as a quoted opinion, and in the very next line the author adds a clincher, and our wavering faith is satisfied. He says,

"Add 'Fiddle!' and I confess the argument."

We claim credit for having added a new point to the discussion of Browning now going on; and personally-we shall have to add an indorsement to the opinion which E. C. Stedman has expressed in the last edition of his "Victorian Poets:" that Browning is the "leader elect" of the new age of poetical literature now beginning.

To speak more seriously, it seems indeed wonderful that as the succeeding periods tread upon one another's heels a leader is always found ready, always original, striking out in some new and unthought-of path. Tennyson falls, Browning rises, at least so say critics; and after Browning doubtless another shall be found to lead onward. How long, is a question naturally suggesting itself; and by those as yet uninfected with Browning mania, it may be asked with some emphasis, and an added scriptural meaning.

One is sure to a find good thing in the "Contributors' Club" of the Atlantic Monthly; and the January number contains one that also shows a spice of appositeness to the present editorial position; a statement that we would wish accepted with proper limitations, for the article is entitled "The Bread-and-Butter Moments of the Mind." The author was not referring to that state of mind in which a student finds himself after such an ordeal as was that of our final examination in ethics, but we are. After an all-night siege of preparation, and a four-hours struggle with the paper itself, one is fully fitted to appreciate the sarcastic force of the professor's preliminary remark, that "the paper is easy, very easy, gentlemen," and also to appreciate, with utter content, the release from mental pressure and the prospect of unenforced communion with Christmas magazines, and with books that are not text books. This is our position; the author illustrates his by telling us of a beautiful scene of cloud and moonlight that drew him forth to walk in his garden one pleasant evening; of the contrast of light and shadow, of cloud and mountain; and of the fancies that passed and should have passed through his mind. But just when he was sure that he was deep in poetic fancy and sublime meditation, and was giving himself up to the dreaming of dreams no mortal ever dreamed before, or words to that effect, he found that the subject that had been occupying his thoughts for some minutes

was the squeaking of his own shoes. Alas, that the sublime is so infinitely near to the other place mentioned in the proverb, that one need ever be in doubt as to which side of the boundary he stands upon.

In "A Chapter on Dreams," in Scribner's, Mr. Stevenson casts some light on the construction of his strange books, such as that of the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and gives a history of his own experiences in the line of dreams from his youth up, showing that as he grew older they shaped themselves more and more according to life, and once developed themselves into a complete romance. This, on examination, proved to contain points that made it "unmarketable;" but the outline of it, as of many other queer phantoms of the same kind, is given in his paper.

In a brief glance at college exchanges, we find a pleasing essay in the Vasear Miscellany, entitled "Through the French Quarter with George W. Cable," giving a sketch of the present appearance of some of the localities mentioned by him. It is very short, as indeed is every article in the number, but many of them illustrate finely the connection be-

tween brevity and point.

The Madisonensis is a recent arrival. It has a solid and dignified appearance, and is chiefly given to miscellaneous and news departments. Its literary column contains but two articles. The poem is weakened by an unfortunate line at the close. The essay upon Robert Browning is worthy of all commendation. It is chiefly given to the discussion of his philosophy, with brief illustrations; criticises pointedly his dramatic work; and in conclusion gives what seems to us a perfectly just view: "Browning is great and true and good for his fellow-men, without calling him in blind enthusiasm the peer of Sophocles, Shakespeare and Goethe." Perhaps, like the Jews who looked for the Messiah and crucified him, Emerson, with hands outstretched for the Poet-Priest, passed by Robert Browning."

We note, also, the first number of the first volume of another voyager upon the troubled waters of embryo journalism, the *Pharetra*, of Wilson College. It is a bright little sheet, showing marked tokens of newness,

but deserving encouragement.

MAGAZINES.

Outing for January contains an interesting paper by the late General Marcy, on the different varieties of Wolves met with on the American continent, together with some thrilling incidents relative to their chase and capture. The illustrations are by J. Carter Beard. In its editorial columns are found the views of three college foot-ball players on the improvement and advance of that glorious game. Princeton, Yale and Harvard discuss the question, and the ideas expressed should be highly appreciated by all lovers of college foot-ball.

An article by Theodore Child, on "Modern French Sculpture," in Harper's Magazine for January, calls public attention to the fact that sculpture is not a dead art but a living one, which thrives and advances in the French Republic as it does nowhere else in the world. The illustrations on this subject will doubtless cause much favorable comment. The clear-cut figures stand out wonderfully against the black (not gray) backgrounds. The departments are interesting, as they invariably are.

None of the magazines begin the new year with more brilliant prospects than the Atlantic Monthly. The excellent steel portrait of Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock"); which forms the frontispiece, will gratify the numerous admirers of this famous writer. The number opens with the first chapter of "Yone Santo: A Child of Japan," the the new serial story by Edward H. House, and a most refreshing and entertaining chapter it is. "The Secret," a charming poem in three stanzas, by Mr. Lowell, will attract special attention. Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Franklin, to his brother printer, Strahan, of England, are full of value and significance, throwing a new light upon certain of the best aspects of Franklin's character, as well as upon provincial politics and society. A spirited beginning of "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," the new story by Charles Egbert Craddock, is made in this number.

In Lippincott's for January, Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop have joined hands in the composition of the complete novel, "Check and Counter-check," a bright, ingenious, and humorous story, with a plot that is full of clever surprises and entertaining situations, and a dialogue that sparkles with fun and epigram. Tourgee's second instalment of "With Gauge & Swallow" tells in a swift, vigorous style an episode of bravery in the war. Fawcett's attack on "The Browning Craze" will stir up the Browning clubs and excite remark and attention even among those who disagree with its conclusions.

A paper in the January Scribner's describes the man at arms from the time of Charlemagne (800) to the perfection of armor (about 1450), and is the result of study and research continued from time to time for several years. The illustrations are based upon the unique collection of military manikins in the Paris Museum of Artillery, and upon old manuscripts, prints, tombal effigies, etc. Many of the suits of armor described are closely associated with eminent characters of history and fiction. In the February number the decline of armor will be traced in another handsomely illustrated article.

The American Magazine, beautifully illustrated. 25 cents; \$3 a year. Its scope.—The American Magazine gives preference to national topics and scenes, and its literature and art are of the highest standing. Famous

American writers fill its pages with a wide variety of interesting sketches of travel and adventure, serial and short stories, descriptive accounts of our famous countrymen and women, brief essays on the foremost problems of the period, and, in short, this magazine is distinctly representative of American thought and progress. It is acknowledged by the press and public to be the most popular and entertaining of the high-class monthlies.

IMPORTANT.—A specimen number, with illustrated premium list, and special inducements in each or valuable premiums to club raisers, will be

sent on receipt of 15 cents, if this magazine is mentioned.

Responsible and energetic persons wanted to solicit subscriptions. Write at once for exclusive territory. Address The American Magazine Co., 794 Broadway, New York.

The New Princeton Review signalizes the commencement of its new volume by a number of almost typical excellence. The most prominent feature is the large space devoted to live topics; but there is no lack of the scholarly work so characteristic of this magazine. Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, contributes an incisive article pointing out the defects and needs of "Our American Life." The number reaches its highest mark of interest, perhaps, in the paper entitled "American Authors and British Pirates," the joint product of Mark Twain and Mr. Brander Matthews. Mr. Clemens, under the characteristic sub-title "A Private Letter and a Public Postscript," makes a vigorous attack, in his well-known style, upon Mr. Matthews' view of the English copyright law; while Mr. Matthews' "Open Letter to Close a Correspondence" is a rejoinder no less trenchant, and hardly less amusing.

Baak Reviews.

New Waggings of Old Tales. By J. K. Bangs and F. D. Sherman. (Boston: Ticknor and Company.)

This is one of the spiciest things we have seen in a long time, from the rival dedication of the two authors, in which each states that the work of the other was admitted to the volume in opposition to most earnest protest, to the end of the thrilling tale of the "Strange case of Beauty and the Beast." The book is apparently a parody on an author's reading given not long since; but as the authors of Mary's Little Lamb and Jack and the Beanstalk were not forthcoming, their places had to be taken by more modern beings; and the result is a startling transformation of the subject matter. The speeches of the chairman, with their mingling of quotations in many tongues, are electrifying; and the tale of Rumpelslopogaas by the African Reminiscencer must infallibly bring down the house.

Five Hundred Dollars, and other stories of New England Life. By C. H. W. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

The scenes of these readable little sketches are mostly those of the Massachusetts coast, and the characters those of the quaint and honest people that we naturally associate with New England life. They are admirably drawn; indeed character painting seems to be the leading motive of the book; incident is secondary, and there is here and there a hiatus that may be dramatic, but is rather exasperating to the reader, especially if he is interested in knowing what becomes of everybody. But in spite of this the book will be read with the keenest enjoyment. Take for example this speech of a pawnbroker's wife to her husband as a possible purchaser is seen: "I think he would come in if you go outside and take him by the arm like a true frent and bring him in. My broder Moses walk outside de whole day long and take each man when he go by and talk to him like his own broder wid tears in his eyes, and make dem come in and buy somedings." "Perhaps he would come in and buy a watch if you go out and pull him in."

SLAV OR SAXON. By Wm. D. Foulke, A.M. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

That the state of society in the East is unsettled and threatening, the frequent disturbances along the southern borders of Russia amply prove. That this state of society predicts a coming struggle between two races—the one a representative of despotism and ignorance, the other a cham-

pion of enlightenment and freedom, the author endeavors to show and to make clear the exact meaning of such a struggle. The main part of the book is occupied with a study of the "growth and tendencies of Russian civilization." The dangers of such a struggle are vividly portrayed, and our own relations to it and the probable outcome discussed. The book throws much light upon the meaning of the "Eastern question," and is very interesting throughout."

Schiller's Poems and Ballads. Morley's Universal Library. (George Routledge & Sons.)

In this volume we have, in the handy form, neat binding and attractive print that characterizes Morley's Library, the poems and ballads of the great German bard. Next to Goethe, Schiller is the brightest figure in the great revival of German literature that marked the close of the last century. It has been well said that only a poet can translate a poet, and Lord Lytton's translation of Schiller has long been cited as a proof of this. A short introduction by Morley gives the main facts of the poet's life and the dates of his chief works, and serves as a foundation on which we may build a fuller knowledge of the man and his work. Schiller is confessedly a better dramatist than lyric poet, but such poems as the "Diver, Fridolin," the "Fight with the Dragon," and the "Lay of the Bell," are classics in every tongue. In addition to his longer poems a full collection of his epigrams and votive tablets is included in this collection.

EURIPIDES; THE ALCESTIS, AND OTHER PLAYS. Translated by Robert Potter. (Morley's Universal Library; George Routledge & Sons.)

Euripides, the Human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

So Mrs. Browning speaks in her "Wine of Cyprus," that beautiful catalogue of the great ancients; and while this translation hardly does justice to the tenderness and humanity of Euripides, it is for the student of his works a most available book. It includes, besides the Alcestis, the two plays of the vengeance and madness of the son of Agamemnon, the Electra and the Orestes, in which the poet challenges comparison with the Chocphori of Æschylus and the Electra of Sophocles; the Iphigenia in Aulis and the Iphigenia in Taurus and the Trojan Dames. The translation of the Alcestis does not approach Browning's great paraphrase in strength or beauty, but Browning's work is already classic, and it is high praise to say of any other translation that it will bear comparison with it. The other plays of Euripides, we understand, are shortly to appear in two more volumes in Morley's Library, and the set will be indispensable to every student of Greek Literature.

THE BEST READING. A classified record of current literature. Third Series, 1881 to 1887. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

This is an age of reduction, of condensation, of analysis. If we have a watchword, it is propædentic; if we confess to a motto, it is abbreviation; if we worship a hero, it is the enclyclopædist. Such may well be the natural reflection on examining this really valuable dictionary of recent literature. It gives the title, size, price and place of publication of every American and English work placed in the market since 1881. Arranged under general titles, any work may be readily found. A specially praiseworthy feature is the book's compactness. Lynds E. Jones, the editor, has done his work well.

THE KENTUCKY RESOLUTIONS OF 1798. An historical study. By Ethelbert Dudley Warfield, LL.B. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

An index of the interest taken in politico-historical study is the constantly increasing number of essays on special subjects. This brochure treats of the Kentucky Resolutions of '98, which were inspired mainly by the Alien and Sedition Laws. They are essentially a statement of Jeffersonian Democracy, and their spirit lives to-day in the strict ostructionist theory of the Constitution. That their historical import as being the first clear enunciation of Jeffersonian views has been hitherto overlooked, is indisputable. That to-day undue centralization is to be avoided, no one will deny. But if the Alien and Sedition Laws deserve condemnation, so, also, does the theory of making State Governments the judge of Constitutional provisions. If Adams bears the brunt of unwise intolerance, Jefferson deserves the odium of the States Sovereignty theory. The treatment of the question is impartial and able. The author acknowledges that, among others, he is especially indebted to Prof. Alex. Johnston.

THE ISLES OF THE PRINCES; OR, THE PLEASURES OF PRINKIPO. By Samuel S. Cox. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

It is related of "Sunset" Cox that in his first speech in Congress he made a most decided hit as a humorist; since that day, according to his own admission, he has never been able to persuade people that he is in earnest. Consequently, like Dr. Holmes, he never dares to be as funny as he can, although he often comes nigh it. This volume is a book of travel, and narrates the events of a summer which Mr. Cox, while Minister to Turkey, spent in Prinkipo, one of the isles in the Propontis. According to his description it must be a charming spot—one of those "summer isles of Eden, lying in deep, purple spheres of sea," and inhabited by those "peris" who have doubtless become "disconsolate" again now that our loved humorist has returned. The incidents are narrated in a taking manner, and the element of the ridiculous crops out

every now and then. The experiences of a Buckeye in the lands "where burning Sappho loved and sung" are absorbingly interesting. It is now doubly true that—

"Eternal summer gilds them yet, Though all except their sws is set."

VICTORIAN POETS. By E. C. Stedman. Fourteenth Edition. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

This latest edition of a book already established as the best work of reference on the Victorian period of English poetry, has been enlarged by a supplementary chapter which brings it down nearly to date. It is unnecessary to state that the work fills a place of its own, and is likely to continue to be not only a standard, but a book which must be read by every student of English who aspires to a familiarity with present as well as past authors. In view of the present interest in Browning, not the least entertaining portion of this volume is that part of the supplement wherein Mr. Stedman discusses him in his relation to the immediate future of the literary world, and compares him with Tennyson. The latter is spoken of as "the fullest representative of the refined and complex Victorian age," but "a new generation is calling for work of a different order, for more vital passion and dramatic force." And Browning is called the leader of the coming time. "He has proved that his genius is of the kind that creates its own environment, and makes for itself a new atmosphere whether of heaven or of earth." Considering these statements, the author is perhaps a trifle too severe upon the Browning societies. A carefully arranged marginal index enables one to locate any desired subject with the utmost facility.

HALF HOURS WITH THE STARS. By Richard A. Proctor. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mere theory without practical illustration is never of much value, especially in astronomy, where the two are so vitally connected. In this work by Mr. Proctor, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee as to its merits, we have the position of the principal constellations of the heavens at different times of the night and for every month of the year carefully mapped out on twelve finely executed plates. The explanations accompanying each illustration are clear and to the point. The book is tastefully gotten up with a strong, substantial cover, large print and good paper. Those who have taken a theoretical course in astronomy will find it greatly to their advantage to make a careful study of this excellent treatise.

Ballads of the Revolution. By Geo. L. Raymond. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

An easy rhythm well adapted to the simple vigor of the style, and a patriotic spirit which accords with the themes, characterize these ballads. They are among the most successful of recent ballads, and are distinctively American. In the same volume are bound the dramatic poem Haydn and some miscellaneous poems, from which we quote the following excellent verses, entitled "The Destiny-Maker:"

- "She came, and I who lingered there,
 I saw that she was very fair;
 And with my sighs that pride suppressed
 There rose a trembling wish for rest;
 But I who had resolved to be
 The maker of my destiny,
 I turned me to my task and wrought,
 And so forgot the passing thought.
- "She paused, and I who questioned there, I heard she was as good as fair; And in my soul a still, small voice Enjoined me not to check my choice; But I, who had resolved to be The maker of my destiny, I bade the gentle guardian down, And tried to think about renown.
- "She left, and I who wander, fear
 There's nothing more to see or hear;
 Those walls that ward my paradise
 Are very high, nor open twice;
 And I, who had resolved to be
 The maker of my destiny,
 Can only wait without the gate,
 An sit and sigh—"Too late! too late!"

Sketches in Song. By George L. Raymond. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

While not so pretentious as the preceding, this volume contains many excellent poems and will afford profitable and pleasant reading for many unoccupied moments. For a small book it contains so many kinds of stanzas that it might almost form a hand-book of versification. We must commend the publishers for the neat and excellent form in which they have presented this and the other volumes of Prof. Raymond's works.

A LIFE IN SONG. By George L. Raymond. (New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.)

It is with great pleasure that we receive Prof. Raymond's poems. They remind us that with all her philosophy, Princeton still has inclination and talent for fine literature. A Life in Song shows that even the tale of an American life of the nineteenth century can be raised to the region of poetry. The poet's life is made up of seven notes like the musical gamut; each has its own emotions and each calls from the author earnest and deep thought on the philosophy of life. The versification

shows a thorough and masterly knowledge of the technique of English verse and a fine ear for music and rhythm. The verse, while remarkably smooth and well finished, is so varied and vigorous as to surprise the reader with ever-changing harmony. We quote the following stanzas from the fifth "note" on Loving:

"How oft when many a soul I meet For labor or for pleasure, With hushed delight my heart will beat A soft but stirring measure.

"A sacred charm surrounds the bloom Of cheeks that glow before me, Far sweeter than the flower's perfume In springtime ever bore me.

"The smiles their lips leave unconfined, Their movements as I view them, Appear but shades of a life behind, And I can half see through them."

THE STORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. (Ticknor & Co., Boston.)

The title of this volume is no misnomer, as the book is but the story of an impetuous and enthusiastic devotee of art, as related by himself. His experiences are as many as they are varied, and his life is full of excitement and change. There are seven periods recorded in as many parts, during which he is seen at different times and under different circumstances. One's interest in the story gradually increases until we reach the end, which is in keeping with the rest of the book. The characters are well delineated and form no slight addition to the value of the book. The binding and printing are of the highest order and help to make it more than usually attractive. To those who are desirous of enjoying a good and interesting novel, we can do no better than to recommend its perusal.

ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE. (Boston: Cupples & Hurd.)

No keener satire upon college life has ever fallen under our notice than this bright, interesting account of Experiences at Harvard. The author in his time and generation, was evidently one of the "Boys," for no amateur could have portrayed so vividly the varied vicissitudes of a "sporting" underclassman. Some of the jokes are rather trite, as for instance, where the Dean invites the young hopeful to "find a seat upon the floor and let your legs hang over," but this is the exception rather than the rule. Among the great fraternity of college men, this little volume will meet with a warm reception.

LIGHTS OF TWO CENTURIES. By Edward Everett Hale. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.)

To attempt an exhaustive biography of all the shining lights in science, art and literature for the last two centuries, would be a herculean task of unending duration. In the volume before us Mr. Hale has not aimed at an exhaustive treatment of the subject, but simply gives us, in his usual clear and forcible style, short, condensed biographies of men who have preëminently won for themselves lasting reputation. Under the poets, for instance, are the familiar names of Goethe, Schiller, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Longfellow and Browning. In his treatment of the great prose writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, the author is at his best. Swift, Addison, Voltaire, Johnson, Rousseau and Scott, never appeared to a better advantage than in the hands of this skillful writer. As a work of great educational merit, and as a handy reference book, it will be of great value. The cover is rather too gaudy and the paper too thin to correspond well with the solidity of its contents.

Well Worn Roads. By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Whatever is issued from the press of this well-known publishing house bears the imprint of culture and refinement; and so, with such a neat, tasty binding as encloses this little volume on travel, we naturally look for a corresponding excellence in contents. Nor are we disappointed; for Mr. Smith possesses that happy faculty of making others see and feel exactly what he experiences himself. We can almost imagine ourselves seated beside him in a gondola, carried under quaint old bridges, through tortuous canals and by old palaces, in the delightful Venetian twilight. All who were interested in the author's progress on "Snubbin' thro' Jersey," in the August and September Centuries, cannot fail to appreciate this short but very interesting account of a painter's search for the picturesque through different parts of Europe.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER 28TH.—First Library Meeting on Evolution.

November 30th.—Glee Club Concert at Hightstown......Second Library Meeting on Evolution.

DECEMBER 2D.—Sophomores elected Bric-à-Brac Committee: Pierson, Hathaway, Lowrie, Bright, Yeakle......Glee Club Concert at Germantown, Pa......Clio Hall Senior Essays—1st, W. H. Johnson; 2d, R. E. Prime.

DECEMBER 3D.—I. C. F. B. A. Advisory Committee met at Fifth Avenue Hotel......Election of Philadelphian Officers: President, Wyckoff; Vice-President, R. Carter.

F. W. DEVOE & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1852,)

Fulton Street, Corner William,

NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURERS OF

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

AND

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Drawing, Cross Section and Blue Process Papers.

Separate Illustrated Catalogues of Artists' Materials and Mathematical Instruments sent on request.

FINE COLORS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.